Like Watching the Earthrise

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Like Watching the Earthrise

by HigherMagic

Summary

The place looks the same as it always does. The entryway is like the lobby of a fancy opera house, decorated in the opulence of days long past. Will isn't wearing anything to hide his identity, but many are. Some in plain masks that cover the upper half of their face, some a veil, some wearing coverings more fitting at a masquerade.

Will would stop to admire them, but he has somewhere to be.

Notes

I bet y'all thought I forgot about beat sub cop Will going to Dom Hannibal to get his police guilt beaten out of him. You'd think I would forget Them?? Never.
Title taken from "Earthrise" by STARSET.

Enjoy!

Chapter 1

The pain crawling under Will's skin is unbearable. There's too much dirt beneath his nails, his ears are still ringing from the sound of his partner's gun going off too close to him. His chest *hurts*, it hurts so bad, desperately holding back a scream he refuses to let out.

Tonight?

His hands shake as he stares at his phone, at the blank message to the unsaved number he knows by heart. He waits and waits and waits, vision blurred to everything but the tiny screen, praying, please God, *please*…

8PM.

The scream abruptly deflates, a popped balloon that leaves a cavern behind in his chest. It hurts in a different way, the profound relief of a dislocated joint being popped back into place. Will puts his phone away and closes his eyes, exhaling for ten solid seconds.

"You okay?"

A hand slaps down on his shoulder, making his shoulder ache sharply. He's been given the all-clear to keep working, his stab wound healed up enough that he's not at risk of tearing it open anymore, but it still hurts like a bitch.

Will looks up, at his partner's concerned face. Clarence is a nice guy, a little too close to the older generation of cops for Will's liking, but nice enough. He's always been kind to Will, and has that gruff sort of 'best foot forward, stiff upper lip, you'll learn Rookie' kind of bearing that reminds Will of his father, and that he finds comforting.

Still, today rattled him, he's not too proud to admit that. He stares at Clarence for a little too long before he says, "I will be."

Because he will. Such is his blessing and his curse.

Clarence nods, pressing his lips together so that his mouth disappears amongst the salt and pepper mess he calls facial hair. "I know you will," he finally sighs, removing his hand from Will's sore shoulder. "Why don't you head out. I'll finish writing up the report, don't worry about it."

Will's been on the force long enough, as the lowest tier beat cop, to know what that's code for. Clarence is going to write the report, which means a few details are going to go left unsaid. Will usually cares, but he's been caring less and less these days. He's just so fucking tired and everything hurts.

He puts his hand back in his pocket and touches his phone, reminding himself it's still there. Tonight. 8PM. It's just after 6 right now. Will has time to go home, and shower, and clean himself up before he heads out again. He probably won't, and he'll pay the price for it.

The thought makes another feeling start in his chest, this one more like a dog staring at a piece of meat, held back by the thinnest chain. Soon, *soon*, the painful anticipation will break free and let itself loose. It'll hurt.

It'll hurt so, so *good*.

In the end, Will does shower and does his best wrestling a comb, because at the end of the day, he knows there are rules and he doesn't want to break them. That's not what this is about.

The place looks the same as it always does. The entryway is like the lobby of a fancy opera house, decorated in the opulence of days long past. Will isn't wearing anything to hide his identity, but many are. Some in plain masks that cover the upper half of their face, some a veil, some wearing coverings more fitting at a masquerade.

Will would stop to admire them, but he has somewhere to be.

He goes to the second set of stairs that lead straight up, to a hallway of back rooms that belong to individuals like theatre boxes. It's always the same box. Will goes into the last one on the left. It's unoccupied, walls painted black, the floor covered in a rich green carpet, soft lighting set into each corner and across the ceiling that makes Will think of deep forests encased in fog. There are closed cabinets on two of the walls, shelves behind the door, and a low couch-like piece on the fourth wall. It's large enough to be used like a bed, Will knows that, but it's far from welcoming, by design.

He stares at it a moment, wondering if it was requested to be left like this, or if he should put it up and give the room more space before he arrives. His fingers twitch by his side, tapping against each other with indecision.

It's almost 8, and Will doesn't have a lot of time, so he leaves it be. He'll accept his punishment if it comes. He sheds his clothes quickly, folding them in a neat stack his instructor would be proud of, and tucks them into one of the small shelves behind the door. He gives his hair one last comb-through with his fingers, and then kneels on the floor at the corner of the bed, settling down to wait.

He doesn't have to wait long.

The door opens at precisely 8 o'clock, and the pain under Will's skin goes quiet, startled into silence like a prey animal under the watch of a predator. He doesn't look up from his focused place on the floor, so all he can see is expensive, shiny black shoes and the bottom inches of his suit pants, but he *knows* how good the rest of him looks. How tall and broad and strong he is. His face is always covered, but his eyes – if and when Will is allowed to look at them – could compel Will to do anything.

The other man looks about the room, and lets out a soft noise that is neither satisfied nor displeased. Then, he steps forward, until the side of his foot touches Will's knee, and puts a

hand in Will's hair. Will barely manages to not collapse and sink into the touch, barely manages to hold back his relieved sob. It'll be okay. It'll be -.

"You look a mess, my boy," comes the quiet voice of his Master.

Will's throat goes thick and he tries to breathe. The hand doesn't move, except to critically tug and correct Will's wild, untamable hair.

He knows better than to answer.

"Have any of your limits or boundaries changed, since we last spoke?"

He does not ask because he wants to break them, Will knows this, but because Will barely knows what he wants until he's in this room, on his knees, with this man touching him. His desires are like wild dogs desperate for a leader to guide them, consuming each other in feral fever and giving birth to new, terrible, wonderful ideas.

"No," Will rasps a moment later.

His Master acknowledges this with another gentle hum. "What do you need tonight, my boy?"

"Pain," Will says immediately. Then, "Absolution."

That earns him a low laugh, the hand in his hair spreading out to cradle his skull in a deceptively gentle touch. "God's forgiveness is easier to earn than mine," he says. Will shivers and licks his lips, his mouth dry and fingers clenching where he holds his fists behind him.

"That's why I came to you, Sir," he replies.

Another soft laugh. "What a silver tongue," he praises, and then withdraws his hand. "We'll see what other pretty sounds it can make tonight. Present yourself for me, boy."

Will closes his eyes, taking in a deep breath, and pushes himself up from his heels. He doesn't stand, his head is at no point meant to be level with his Master's. The bed is still low and his Master doesn't seem intent on lifting it, so Will climbs onto the end of the bed and puts himself on his elbows and knees at the corner, so that his Master can easily reach him from two sides. His feet hang off the edge of the bed, his head bowed, back as perfectly straight as he can make it.

In his periphery, his Master's feet and legs below the knee are visible. He's in front of one of the set of cabinets, having inspected Will's folded clothes and found them – he hopes – satisfactory. The cabinets open, and Will closes his eyes obediently as his Master brings whatever he selects to the bed, laying them out in front of Will's hands.

When he's done, a large warm hand spreads out on Will's back, between his shoulder blades. "Look," he commands, startingly close to Will's ear. Will shivers, and opens his eyes. His breath catches, eyes widening as he looks at what's laid out in front of him.

The wild dogs in his chest howl, salivating. "Please," he whispers. He wants all of it, every single piece. It's going to hurt but it can't hurt any worse than that feeling he had even two hours ago.

"All of them?" his Master's voice is clipped, trying to hide his surprise, but Will can hear it.

He nods.

"Very well." His touch withdraws, and Will closes his eyes so he doesn't see what his Master picks first. He doesn't want to know, doesn't want to anticipate and brace himself. He only tolerates this illusion of choice and free will because it's important for consent between them, but part of Will wishes he didn't have to do it – that he could just show up and get beaten and fucked to within an inch of his life however his Master deigns to, without a care for Will's pleasure, or his choices.

He can't, because that would require a relationship far too involved than random appointments at this neutral location. Will can't give anyone that, right now. So he takes what he can get, with a man who is willing to hurt him, who wants to crush him into fine powder. A man who is undoubtedly violent and yet so controlled, it makes the bloodthirsty *thing* inside of Will pay attention, like a pup might watch his mother teach him how to stalk, hunt, and kill.

This man is his mentor, his caretaker, his cruel and perfect Master, and Will doesn't know what he would do without him.

The first strike comes without warning or sound, a line of fire that licks around the back of Will's thigh and grazes the inside of the other. Will shivers, and sighs, already prepared to surrender to the pain. The thin whip is one of his favorites because it's so sharp and merciless, there's no concussion for the hits to spread out, nowhere for the pain to run off to.

"One," Will says dutifully. "Thank you, Sir."

Another hit comes, this time an inch lower and across the backs of both of his thighs. It stings like a bitch and Will hisses, fingers clenching in the thin plasticky sheet covering the bed beneath him, but he doesn't move. "Two," he says. "Thank you, Sir."

"Mm." The third strike comes, but this time it's not the same whip. It spreads across his back, five long lashes with knotted cording. It's a sudden change and usually Will gets warmed up before they escalate to something that severe, and it startles a cry out of him. Then, a wave of panic. Is he supposed to start from the beginning, or does that count as a third strike?

"I… Three?"

His Master laughs, and merely hits him again. Will never got his answer, but it doesn't matter – he gets five hits right in a row, too fast for him to count, all along his back and down his stinging thighs. The knotted parts of the whip feel like they dig into his skin, like nails, ripping him open even though Will knows how it feels to have his own blood on his skin and they're nowhere near that point yet.

– "There was skin under her nails, she put up a fight."
"He was too strong for her, though."
"When he was done with her he took her tongue. She was still alive." –

Another hit lands on Will's thighs in a perfect row of pain, that makes him groan and shake his head. He's starting to sweat and it hurts the growing welts. His entire back hurts and his shoulder is throbbing like the wound is fresh. Will lost track of the strokes, it's on autopilot when he says, "Twelve. Thank you, Sir."

"Stop counting," his Master says, clipped and disappointed. "You haven't been correct for a while."

Shame bubbles up like bile and Will clenches his jaw to swallow it back. There are tears on his face, his throat hurts, that scream is back, just *begging* to be let out. Or perhaps it's a howl. Will doesn't know, he just knows there's something and his Master is slowly clawing it out of him, it's going to break him apart if he tries to hold it back.

The next implement is one of Will's least favorites, simply because it doesn't hurt him like he wants it to. It's another flogger, this one with tails that are thick, buttery leather straps. The way they hit is more like a punch, and can knock the wind from him if the wielder is particularly talented.

His Master is so, so talented.

An artist, really.

– "Unit 209, we have a reported disturbance at South and Gordon. Neighbors suspect a domestic dispute."
Will hates responding to these kinds of calls, but it's not up to him. Clarence has already told dispatch they're en route.
Will's fingers hurt and his right arm feels numb.
They'd gotten there with the husband on the front porch nursing a black eye and holding one of his kids. Mama was inside, screaming and cursing up a storm. Clarence didn't ask if Mama was the one causing the disturbance, just saw Daddy holding his crying kid outside the home and –

The slap on his face shocks him back to reality. He gasps, blinking in the low light. Blood has dripped down the back of his arm and his entire body *aches*. In such a good way. He wishes he could convince his Master to pour salt on the wounds.

He gets another slap. Did he speak out of turn? He can't hear his own voice, just a ringing. The gunshot, too loud, right by his head.

"Such pretty sounds," his Master purrs, his voice the only audible thing to Will for a long time. Then, the sound of his own gasping breaths, panting, hyperventilating almost. The gross, slick noise of trying to breathe through tears and sobs. The tiniest drip of his own blood on the sheets from a particularly savage whip-bite. "You wear suffering so beautifully. If I could, I would keep you like this permanently."

"Please," Will cries. "Please."

He laughs, and pushes Will's head down. "We'll see if you're so eager when I'm done with you." Will doesn't have a chance to react to that before a thick, soft leather mask is pressed over his eyes, blocking his vision, the straps yanked into place over his head and savagely tightened. "Roll onto your back, boy, your form is despicable at this point."

Will winces, already feeling his tears soaking into the leather, his cheeks chafing from the material's friction. He slowly pushes himself to his knees, gritting his teeth and breathing slowly as his muscles scream at him, his torn-open skin weeping openly as he rolls onto his back and hisses as he melts into the sheets. It'll be a Goddamn Rorschach test by the time his Master is finished.

"You asked for absolution," his Master says, somewhere behind Will's head. Will tilts his face up, as though he'd be able to see through the mask. He can't, of course. He hears the faintest sound of rope, unraveled and thumping lightly to the floor. His wrists are grabbed and yanked above his head, Will's shoulders lighting him up with pain as he arches with a whimper, every reaction making another part of him flare with pain, quickly turning him into a helpless, writhing mess. "Did you assume I would simply give it to you? That you did not need to earn it?"

Will doesn't know if he's allowed to answer, so he remains silent. He gets a slap on the face for his trouble, which is somehow softer through the mask, but feels much worse.

"I asked you a question, boy."

"No, Sir, I didn't!" he cries, shaking his head. "I'm sorry. I want to earn it."

His Master moves again, just the softest brush of air, then silence. Will can feel his piercing gaze, all over his body like fire ant bites, making him tremble in place. He's in so much pain that even if the mask was off, he wouldn't be able to see clearly.

The first sudden press of a warm mouth to his nipple makes him gasp, every muscle locking in place out of instinct so he doesn't buck up. His Master's tongue is gentle, curling around Will's nipple as though savoring a fine dessert, warming the skin with a tender, wet touch. It lasts for so long Will wants to sob, before he abruptly switches, giving the second one the same treatment. Will feels disgusting with sweat by this point, aching with the effort of holding still, his back screaming at him to move. He'll be sticking to the bedsheets now, he's going to rip apart when he's inevitably moved.

The bite of pain that follows is more welcome. The teeth of the nipple clamps sink into tender buds in four points, twisted with expert hands until it feels like they're going to be sliced off. Will is close to hyperventilating again, the pain sinking straight through his chest like pins of ice, into his lungs, curling around the back of his heart. Somehow, it mixes with arousal, a desperate and hungry kind not unlike starvation or low blood sugar – the frantic need to feed, to fill himself with anything, *anything*, that will make this feeling go away.

Then, his knees are yanked up, loops of rope curling around the backs of them, only meagerly softened with leather padding. The ropes thread up, through something on the

nipple clamps, he assumes hooks or loops to keep them in place, and then around the back of his neck where there's another piece of padding to prevent the chafing getting too bad. He can't move his legs without tearing at his nipples, and every movement of his neck makes them sing with agony.

He can't stop sobbing, which just makes his shoulders shake, tugging on his knees and his nipples again. It's a perverse pose, the reverse of a subject prostrate in prayer. Will folds his hands together and tilts his head back, trying to just *breathe*.

He can feel tiny trails running down his chest, to add to the mess on the bed. Whether it's sweat or blood, he has no idea.

A hand touches his hair, so lightly it might as well have been a ghost. Will still tilts towards it, not caring for how it makes his entire body whimper in pain.

"Should I keep you just like this, I wonder?" his Master muses. Will knows he's not supposed to answer that. "I simply can't resist how you look when you suffer like this for me." His voice is softer than Will is used to, though the hot and cold of praise and reprimand are familiar. Will can't be praised too much, it all sounds fake after a while.

Still, his cock aches with the desire to get hard at the sound of his Master's voice, the memory of that tender mouth on his nipples. He desperately wants more touches, and he doesn't care how he gets them.

"Mm." The hand moves away and Will whines, earning a cruel laugh. There's a dip between his legs on the bed, forcing Will to suddenly shift to save his back being ripped by the taut sheet, which makes his legs jerk, which makes his nipples scream, which makes *him* groan in pain.

Warmth comes in the form of clothed thighs, spreading out on either side of his ass, close enough that Will can feel himself being cradled in his Master's thighs, his ass pressed against his Master's hard cock and stomach. His Master leans forward, taking the brace of Will's feet against his shoulders.

"You will not come until I say," his Master says, and that's all the warning he gets before one large, slick, warm hand wraps around his cock and starts to stroke him. Will *howls*, the dogs and beasts and everything else that doesn't have a shape finally breaking free. He can't keep still, but that's not the point of this exercise. Pain rips through him like a gun shot, like another stab wound. Pleasure follows like thunder after a lightning strike, rattling him to his bones.

"*Please*," he screams. "Sir, *Master*, please!"

"What are you begging for, boy?" his Master replies in a clipped tone. "You know I don't care what you want." Will whimpers, tears soaked into the mask, dripping down the sides of his face. "You are here to please me, aren't you? So that I will absolve you of whatever sins you carried here."

– If Will had gotten out of the car first, if he'd put his body between Daddy and Clarence, the man might still be alive.
He hadn't been armed, Will knew he wasn't armed, why did Clarence shoot?
He's never going to get that child's horrified screams out of his head. –

His Master squeezes his cock abruptly, so hard Will cries out, and the child's cries turn into his own, whirling around his head like a storm, building up and up, stirring the oceans and the thunderclouds to create something massive and awful and destructive.

He's begging, he knows he is, he can't stop, but he doesn't know what for. He doesn't even care. He just wants this *thing* in his head to stop. To escape. To tear the world apart and leave him *alone*.

There's a pause, slower than a century and faster than a blink. Then, "I forgive you, Will. You may come." Will barely even feels the orgasm. What he feels is the *release*. The complete explosion of everything in his chest like a waterfall, maybe it's all coming out of his cock, or his eyes, or his flayed-open back, he doesn't know.

But it's *going away*.

His Master strokes him through it, and then rubs gentle hands up his shaking thighs, to his knees, so he can release the restraints. Will's legs fall limp, his chest arching from the sudden lack of pulling on his sore nipples. The clamps go next, his Master not leaving his spot between Will's legs as he carefully loosens and removes them, and then tugs the rope around his neck free.

The mask stays on, for now. Even these soft and gentle lights are too much for Will when he's floating like this, lazily falling from the sky to the Earth like a dandelion seed. A warm, wet towel cleans his face, and his chest and stomach.

Will feels the pressure of his Master's cock against his ass, body rubbing his stinging thighs. "Fuck me," he sighs.

He gets a soft laugh in answer to that. "As much as I would like to, my boy, you did not tell me I could before we began, and your mind is far too deep for me to trust it now." Will whines, but doesn't protest. "We can discuss it next time."

Will nods dreamily, tilting his head to the touches. An impossible to determine amount of time later, his Master moves, always keeping one hand on Will as he unbinds his hands and touches his hair.

"Close your eyes."

Will obeys, and sighs again as the mask is removed, allowing his Master to clean the rest of his face. He's rolled onto his stomach, letting his Master clean and apply salve to his wounded back. Will is so deep in whatever dark and quiet place he goes, he barely even feels it.

He lets out a meek protest when he's moved once again, overwhelmed with the desire to sleep. His Master merely laughs, too strong for Will to resist as he pulls Will up the bed and sits, allowing Will to pillow his head on his Master's thigh. The only soft thing in the room, a blanket from one of the cabinets, is tightly tucked over his naked body right before he begins to shiver.

Will nuzzles into the new position readily, keeping his eyes obediently closed. He's not allowed to open them until his Master leaves, and he won't leave until he deems Will sufficiently recovered. He's a good Master like that. The best.

"Can we discuss penetration, next time?" Will asks.

His Master hums warmly, and pets his hair. "Of course we can." That's the last thing Will consciously registers before he falls asleep.

Will doesn't get a next time. Clarence does it again and Will gets injured *again*, and he has to quit before this piece of shit job kills him. Besides, Agent Crawford in Quantico gives him an offer he can't refuse. Will doesn't want to leave the club, and his Master, but their relationship isn't like that. Will calls, he answers. They've gone months without contact before.

Will tells himself he'll make trips with his fancy new salary and benefits, that he'll take the time to make it happen, but Baltimore has far more serial killers than he anticipated, and soon he learns to live with the itch under his skin and the screaming in his skull. He channels it into profiling, relishing the evil men that wander the halls of his mind and make themselves at home for a day or two. He flays himself on their sadism, gnaws the bones of their hunger, and tells himself it's enough.

It's not enough.

All it takes is a single sentence for Will to recognize him. And there he is. Doctor Hannibal Lecter.

Will's Master.

He doesn't know how to react, thrown so suddenly into a headspace he wasn't prepared for. It makes him snappy, and rude, and purely *awful* inside his skull. Hannibal – His Master – Doctor Lecter – *fuck*, Will wishes he would just throw him down right in the middle of Jack's office and beat him, remind him what he should be and how he should behave.

It's been years and Will is *starving*.

He acted so awfully, shame bubbles up like boiling molasses, choking him to death. He's frantic at home, the dogs picking up on his worried behavior and hovering near him to the point where he almost snaps at them, which just makes him feel worse.

Then, his phone chimes.

Tonight.

It's not a question. Will knows that number. His hands shake.

Oh, God, please. Please, Sir.

I have your address. Be prepared for me by 8PM. We have much time to make up for, and evidently some behavior to correct.

Again, Will texts, *I'll leave the door unlocked.*

He throws his phone down and showers, cleans himself up as thoroughly as he possibly can. He puts the dogs in the kitchen with their food and locks the door. Absently, he registers that his front room, with its cabinets and sofa and bed close to the floor, is a lot like the room at the club.

Doctor Lecter will likely have some opinions on that.

But it doesn't matter. Will's entire body trembles with anticipation, nausea and anxiety and shame curling together like a ball of snakes. He's salivating, he's starving, and he's going to hurt so *good*.

He strips and puts his clothes neatly away, and kneels.

His Master approaches and comes through the door right on time.

Will is already close to tears, so happy to see him, so relieved to have the air hold his presence again. He's wearing all black, his coat long and thick and finely made. He takes it off and hangs it by the door. He brought nothing with him.

All of these punishments will be done by hand.

Will tilts his head into his Master's touch when it comes, breathing heavily. "I missed you," he whispers.

"Already forgotten so many of your manners, and so much of your training," his Master says with idle disappointment. "I expected better of you."

Will closes his eyes, breathes in, and says nothing.

"Have any of your limits or boundaries changed, since we last spoke?"

"Yes," Will says. His Master's amusement is like a psychical thing, wrapping around his nape like a fond touch. "I want you to penetrate me. I want to see your face. I want to –. I want you to do everything you wanted to do to me but couldn't, because we were too removed from each other."

"A more intimate relationship, then," his Master muses.

"Jack will make sure of that."

"Yes," his Master agrees. "He will." He cups Will's chin then, forcing his gaze up. Will is so startled by being able to look up, to look *at* him, he can only gasp. For a moment, he tries to fight, because he knows the rules, but his Master's grip is strong, his gaze absolute.

For a moment, there is nothing, and then for the very first time, Will sees his Master smile.

"I suppose we'd best get started, then," he says quietly, in a way that sends a shiver all the way down Will's spine. He nods, not trusting himself to speak, already high on the feeling, the anticipation, of pleasing this man who has owned him from the very beginning.

"I missed you," he says, because he can't say anything else.

"As I did you, my dear boy. Now, let's begin."

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

There are a couple new tags, just so you're all aware!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"You seem ill at ease."

Only Will's training stops him from making a snappy remark. He can't sit still, even though every instinct in him is screaming to. In Hannibal's – Doctor Lecter's – his *Master*'s – office, the boundaries are so fuzzy to him and he doesn't know how to react. That starving animal is rearing in his skull, begging him to go to his knees, his head is far too high, he doesn't deserve to sit in this plush, comfortable chair and look his Master in the eye.

"I am," he says instead.

Hannibal's – Will has to call him Master, he can't, he should but he can't but he wants to but oh *God please Sir make it stop* – head tilts, a curious light in his eyes. Will could drown in the micro expressions on his face, so loud after only knowing him behind a mask. Those eyes have always had a grip on him, a clawed fist sunk deep into his underbelly and clutching tightly at his heart.

"I'm led to believe that therapy has been a series of negative experiences for you," he says. "Therapists, by extension."

"They have, S-Sir." Will can't stop himself. He winces, but his Master doesn't look displeased. His smile turns just a shade fonder, such a small change but it warms Will like a strong hand on his neck.

"You may call me Doctor Lecter during these conversations, if it makes you more comfortable," he says. "It's just as formal, and I know you will say it with respect."

He's such a *good* Master. Will fights back his sob of relief and nods. "Thank you, Doctor Lecter," he replies obediently. His Master's barely-there smile widens just a fraction. He regards Will the same way he always has, with a calculating, predatory gaze that Will feels right down to his bones. It's settling, even knowing that Doctor Lecter isn't just watching the physical reactions, but seeking to shed light on the emotional and mental anguish of Will's mind.

Though, he supposes, that has always been the case.

"I don't…know how to act, around you," Will confesses, his eyes on Doctor Lecter's shoes. He knows how to behave when he's naked and kneeling, his Master made sure he

remembered every second of his training the night of their reunion. Will had earned the return of his Master's favor through blood, sweat, and tears.

Then Jack told him Doctor Lecter was to be his official psychiatrist. Then Will had a standing appointment, every Wednesday at 7:30pm, and now he has to be on his best 'profiler' behavior so Doctor Lecter doesn't tell Jack he's clinically insane.

But there are still rope burns on Will's wrists and his thighs ache dully from his Master's hands and he doesn't know what to *do* about that.

Doctor Lecter considers this in silence. Will knows what he's doing – it's a classic interrogation tactic, to remain silent so the nervous perp is compelled to fill it and inevitably confess. Will knows the tricks, of course he does.

But it's his *Master*. Will can't lie to him.

"I'm not comfortable with you treating me like an equal," he finally says, because that's the closest thing to the truth that he can articulate. His head is too high, on even ground with Doctor Lecter, and this chair is too comfortable, and the office is too large and Will is wearing too many clothes.

He fidgets with his sleeves, unable to say all that.

Doctor Lecter is sitting with one leg folded over the other, one elbow on the armrest and propping up his head in a textbook idle therapist pose. All he's missing is the notebook in his lap, but there's a tape recorder sitting on the table beside them. Will doesn't know if it's recording currently, it was there when he arrived, but he assumes Doctor Lecter uses it to write up his notes after a session.

The action strikes him as odd. His Master has never forgotten a single detail about Will, not in all the years they've known each other. His mind is a steel trap, Will knows this as truth. To have a recorder out, suggesting that he doesn't memorize and savor every morsel of his patients' insecurities and plights, doesn't fit with the picture Will has of him in his mind.

Maybe it's just a ploy. A cluster of feathers to hide the hook from the fish.

"Therapy is supposed to be cathartic," Doctor Lecter finally says, and Will doesn't know how much time he's been sitting here, fidgeting under the intense scrutiny. That part doesn't bother him at all, he realizes. He *wants* his Master to know him. He wants to show him every inch of his dark, awful, beast's den of a brain. Will has no doubt that his Master is one of the few people in the entire world who could handle such a thing. "Just as our previous sessions used to be." He pauses. "They were, weren't they, Will?"

"Yes," Will replies immediately, and dares to lift his eyes to his Master's chin. "Were they for you?"

"Irreplaceably," Doctor Lecter says. "But just like therapy, if one of the parties is uncomfortable, and cannot fully lean into the catharsis, then the entire exercise is useless."

Will swallows, throat suddenly tight. "I don't -." God, even thinking the word makes his chest ache. "I don't want to disappoint you."

"Will." Will's eyes lift, surprised by the tenderness in his Master's voice, and the fond look on his face. His head tilts a fraction further, and then he nods to himself, and gestures to the open space on the floor beside his foot. "Come. Kneel for me."

Will can't remember the last time he obeyed an order so quickly. He practically falls to his knees, shoving himself out of the chair as though it's burning him, and places himself at his Master's feet, in the position that was trained into him for what feels like as long as he can remember. Doctor Lecter unfolds his legs and spreads them, and brings Will forward by his hair, until Will has to lower his shoulders so they can fit below Doctor Lecter's legs, and he can pillow his cheek on one strong, warm thigh.

Immediately, the tension in Will's body cuts itself in half, bleeding out on the floor as his entire soul relaxes into the familiar position – being allowed to lay on his Master after a session has always been his favorite way to come down, with a hand in his hair and a warm body there to soothe his tremors.

It comes out of him before he can stop it, raw with relief; "Thank you, Sir."

Doctor Lecter hums, nails scraping pleasantly over Will's scalp as he uses his fingers to comb through Will's messy hair. "Don't make the mistake of underestimating how much I enjoy this as well, my dear boy," he murmurs. "Your mental and physical wellbeing is always my priority, no matter the situation."

Will wants to believe that, he wants to believe it so fucking badly it stings behind his closed eyelids.

"Can I always kneel for you?" he whispers.

"When the situation calls for it, yes," Doctor Lecter replies, his voice low enough to make Will shiver. "I intend to clear you for field work, Will – you are not insane, and you are not a danger to yourself or others, you have simply gone a very long time without proper care. We will work to correct that, during our sessions."

Will nods along, already losing himself to the sound of his Master's voice, the gentle hand keeping perfect rhythm as fingers card through his hair.

"You should know that Agent Crawford intends to ask me along to some of your crime scenes, in order to keep an eye on you." Will swallows. "You will address me as we discussed, and will keep your head low if that is what brings you comfort. In return, I promise to never impose myself on you while you are working, unless I feel that you need it, and then I will take you somewhere private and correct you as I see fit. Is that agreeable?"

Having his Master take over every part of his life should set off alarm bells in Will's head. He should see the red flags for what they are, but dogs are colorblind and Will's head is full of their howling. So he says, "Yes, Sir."

"Good boy," his Master praises, and the braying in Will's head turns to pitiful whines. He lets one out, a short and quiet sound, nuzzling his Master's thigh in gratitude.

For a long moment, everything is quiet, and then Doctor Lecter speaks again; "You said you wanted a more intimate relationship." Will tilts his head, showing he's listening. "I want you to explain to me exactly what you meant by that, so that we can both move forward with a mutual understanding."

It's a careful trap, Will can see the covering of leaves, too even and neat to be natural. He resists the urge to throw himself right down into it, some too-human part of him begging for some self-control. But his mind has never been his to control, he's never wanted to control it. He would rather run wild, free as a beast, and trust his Master to keep him fed and warm whenever he wanders home.

Will has never been that great with words. Teaching has made him better at it, but even then for the most part it's rote memorization and then regurgitation of information. He doesn't invite a lot of questions and doesn't leave things open for debate in his classroom. Outside of it, he prefers to just stay quiet, absorb the conversations in the room, and leave himself out of it.

If he wants to get what he desires, he's going to have to ask for it. Beyond contracts and addendums before a scene, beyond safe words, beyond begging and obeying and counting lashes on his back.

It feels like it should be complicated. Doctor Lecter is an inquisitive and curious person, Will knows that. He also likes to talk a lot, to verbally spar even when Will is being awful to him. He likes control and Will wants to give him that. Will wants to give him everything.

It feels like it should be complicated, but in Will's mind, which is only ever quiet when around this man, what he wants is easy.

"I want to belong to you," he says, and lifts his head so he can see his Master's steady gaze when he says it. "Only you. And I want you to belong to me. Only me."

It is only because he is watching, because his Master cannot hide from him, he sees it: the sudden and all-consuming hunger in Doctor Lecter's eyes. It hits him like a punch to the stomach, how badly Doctor Lecter wants that, too. The kinds of all-consuming, awful, wonderful types of love that devour lesser men from the inside out.

Will sees it, in the short but sharp intake of breath, the darkness in Doctor Lecter's gaze, the slight parting of his lips. He feels it, like a weight in his chest; they are irreplaceable to each other. No one quiets Will's mind like his Master can, no one could sate his Master's hunger like Will does.

The night of their reunion, they didn't kiss, and they didn't have penetrative sex. Part of Will wonders if his Master would ultimately hold Will to that; in return for what he really wanted, Will must have agreed to give over all of himself. He wants this, and would have waited until Will was desperate enough to promise him anything, everything – manipulative, cruel, wonderful Master that he is.

But at the time, Will had forgotten too much of his training, needed too much correction, and by the end of it, even though he would have let his Master do whatever he wanted to Will, they both knew Will was too out of it to take more. Besides, Will sensed then that, when the time did come, his Master would want him to be aware of everything. Every sensation, every second.

He wants Will to want it so badly that he forgets himself.

Will might die if he doesn't get a kiss now. It must be so much more satisfying to his Master, to have Will this desperate with no need for coercion. His prey has willingly leapt into the trap and begs for more while he gets skinned alive.

Will lifts himself up to kneel as tall as he can, pushing Doctor Lecter's knees apart to make room for his shoulders, then bracing his hands on them to keep himself steady.

"That's what I want," he rasps, his voice harsh but strong. He's never been more sure of anything in his life, or seen more clearly than this moment. "To give you permission to do whatever you want to me, and to have the privilege of being the one to take it from you. Only me."

Those words seem to drag Doctor Lecter's attention away from whatever fog of hedonistic gluttony and unbridled lust he had fallen into. Will can still taste it, like lingering smoke in the air. The truth of it, the sheer *all* of his Master's emotional reaction, too sudden and fierce for him to hide, floods Will like a storm. In the eye of it, he's bold and settled and he knows exactly what Doctor Lecter is going to say:

"I know what I'm asking for," Will says. "I know what it means to be yours. I think I'm the only one in the world who possibly could understand."

His Master's hand has moved to his throat, completely unbidden and instinctual, keeping his head tilted up and applying the barest of pressure. "I'm not any kinder as a lover than I am as a Master, my boy," he growls – a warning Will has no intention of heeding. "I will not change my nature, even when you're mine."

It's a test. Will smiles. "I've always been yours."

Watching his Master finally snap might be one of the best moments of Will's life. His upper lip curls back, just the barest amount, and he shoves himself to his feet, hauling Will along behind him by the grip on his throat. Will stumbles to his feet but keeps his knees bent and his head low, and willingly goes when his Master shoves him down onto the untouched chaise longue. Doctor Lecter climbs over him, shoving Will's knees wide apart to make room for himself, and puts his hand back on Will's throat. Will lifts his chin and bares his neck eagerly, suddenly overwhelmed by the sheer *closeness*, the presence of his Master all around him. He's not used to doing this with his clothes still on, they chafe and twist around him like unsatisfying bondage, and he's salivating at the thought of seeing any part of his Master naked.

"You have, haven't you?" his Master purrs, voice soft as a worshipper in a church. "Whenever another person touched you, whenever the nights got dark and lonely, you thought of me."

"Yes," Will rasps, eagerly lifting his neck to get more pressure there. His Master obliges him, pressing down harder until Will's breathing turns labored and difficult. "Master -."

"Say my name, darling boy," Doctor Lecter interrupts, his eyes near black now as he caresses Will's hammering pulse with his thumb. "Say it with that reverence, I know you can."

"*Hannibal*," Will breathes. It hits him like a shot of whiskey, warming his chest and making his brain go fuzzy. He's never fallen into subspace so quickly before, not fully clothed, not outside the room where they used to meet at the club. His Master growls at him, shoving closer until Will can feel how hard he is, his clothed erection rutting between Will's legs. Will spreads them as wide as he's able, feet dangling off the couch and toes barely brushing the floor.

His Master regards him, breathing heavily, clinging to his own self-control by the skin of his teeth. Will wants to bare his own, to rip into him, to free that beast he knows is beneath. Like calls to like, they are no more able to resist each other than two animals, the last of their species, desperate to survive and be among their kin.

"You tempt me beyond reason, Will," he whispers, and that's another whiskey shot, another flood of warmth. Will is so hard he can barely see, his vision going grey at the edges, eyes stubbornly locked on his Master's face. He wants his Master to be the last thing he sees, every single night, every day, even at the moment of his death.

"Don't resist," Will begs, reaching for him and putting a hand on his chest. Doctor Lecter's heart is a drum beneath his touch, caged behind his bones. Oh, if Will had claws, if he had the strength, he'd tear that cage in two and devour the innards for himself. The thought doesn't feel like it belongs to him, but if it belongs to his Master, then Will is his eager supplicant, and happily offers his flesh to sate that hunger. "*Please*, Sir, please. I want you to have everything."

Doctor Lecter tilts his head. "Have you been penetrated by another man, Will?" he asks, with an edge of steel in his voice, warning Will to choose his next words very carefully.

But Will already knows the answer; "I've never…by anything," he replies, swallowing harshly when his mouth goes dry. He wets his lips, drawing his Master's starving gaze. "I only ever wanted you, Master. I swear."

"Flattering boy." Will opens his mouth readily as his Master's grip shifts, releasing his neck and instead pushing his thumb to Will's lips. He sinks inside, Doctor Lecter sighing roughly as Will immediately sucks his thumb in as deep as it can go, tongue stroking the saddle of his hand with heavy, eager licks.

Abruptly, his Master stands, and Will whines sharply, reaching for him. He cuts off his protest when he sees his Master's hands go to his suit pants, unbuttoning and unzipping them. Will's mouth goes dry all over again and he pushes himself off of the chaise, falling to his knees immediately.

"Yes," he whispers, desperate for it. "Yes, *yes*."

Will parts his lips and moans as his Master slides a hand into his hair, clenching tight. "My pace, boy," he snarls, holding Will fast and preventing him from just swallowing his entire cock in one go. Will whimpers, but remembers his training and holds his position, staring up at Doctor Lecter with watery eyes. Precum leaks thin and steady onto his tongue, more bitter than he expected. He drags his tongue through the slit, eager for more of it.

"That's it," Doctor Lecter murmurs, cupping Will's face with his other hand. "Keep looking at me, good boy." Will keeps his eyes open and watching until he can't anymore, until his throat is full of his Master's cock and he's too close to maintain eye contact. The first thrust in is so slow, agonizing, Will's throat clenching up as his gag reflex kicks in. He forces himself past it, clenching around his Master's cockhead and eagerly swallowing his precum.

"Next time," his Master whispers, barely audible over the rush of blood in Will's ears, "I will have you on a bed. I'll tie your wrists behind your back and bind you to the bedposts so you can't fight me off, so you can't run away. *Then*." Will winces, struggling to breathe as his Master fucks his throat in smooth, unhurried motions that make Will choke and leak saliva down his chin. "Then, I'll use my fingers, first. I'll open you up for me, so slowly you'll think you're going mad. Until you can't speak, you've been begging for me for so long, and so ardently. I know you'll test my patience many times, but I'll have you right where I want you, and you won't be going anywhere."

Will moans, the sound muffled as he gags.

"I'll bring you so close to the edge you can't bear it, and then I'll stop. Your pleasure is for *me* only, and you will not come unless I'm inside you."

Tears gather at the corners of Will's eyes. He doesn't fight them back. His Master has always loved his tears.

Doctor Lecter rubs his thumb through one of the tracks, tightening his grip as he stops moving and instead works Will's mouth up and down his cock, little more than a living toy for him to use. Will's jaw aches badly, his throat is screaming in protest, but it's perfect. Will never wants this to end.

But then his Master stops, and yanks Will off his cock, tilting his head up so their eyes can meet. "Do you understand me, boy?" his Master growls. "From this moment on, you will never achieve orgasm unless I'm fucking it out of you. No matter the situation."

Oh God, yes, yes, please… Will nods dumbly, trying to catch his breath. When he attempts speech, nothing comes out but a plaintive whine.

His Master's smile is not kind. Will has never loved him for his kindness.

He feeds Will his cock again, pulling Will's head down until his nose is crushed to his pubic hair at the base, then pulling him back almost all the way, before going right back. Will surrenders total control of his neck, his shoulders, anything beyond staying where he knelt and being good for his Master.

"You will be crying, sobbing, by the time I'm inside you," Doctor Lecter continues, his voice rougher by the word. "Pitiful boy, I know you won't disappoint me. You'll be so eager you'll lose all sense, until nothing exists but my touch, and the pleasure it brings. Isn't that right?"

Will can't speak, not with his Master buried so far down his throat, and he can't nod either. So he whines and lets more tears fall and hopes Doctor Lecter understands.

"Then, when I'm moments from finishing, myself, I'll make you beg one more time. And you'll do it so beautifully, you always do. You'll beg for my seed inside you, you'll beg for my mercy, for anything if it means pleasing me. My -."

His rhythm stutters, his words catching in his throat. Will groans, muffled, in eagerness, and barely remembers not to put his hands upon his Master, not to close them around the backs of his thighs and beg him to fuck Will's mouth harder, to give him everything.

Doctor Lecter pets heavy-handed through his hair, his voice nothing short of a snarl now. "My beautiful boy," he rasps. "I'll put a collar of marks on your neck, lay scars into your back, so that no matter where you look you'll know that you're *mine*."

Yes*, yes*...

Will moans, closing his eyes.

Doctor Lecter lets out a rough curse, a word in a language Will doesn't speak. He clenches his fingers in Will's hair tight enough to rip and forces his cock as deep into Will's throat as he can go. Will can't breathe, but he doesn't want to. The first warm spill of come makes him choke, but he can't move away. It floods his mouth and Will desperately tightens his lips, swallowing as much as he can so that nothing leaks out to stain his Master's clothes.

By the time his Master has finished coming, Will's vision is once again grey, his breathing shallow and labored. He's pulled off his Master's softening cock as slowly as the first push inside was, his Master hissing when Will immediately drags his tender tongue and swollen lips over the flushed head, still leaking. He licks his Master clean and doesn't feel a thing. He has transcended his own arousal, evolved past his own need.

Just as, he thinks hazily, his Master likes him.

One hand leaves his hair just long enough for Doctor Lecter to tuck himself away and correct his clothes, Will absentmindedly registering admiration for his ability to do so one-handed. Then, he's guided to kneel facing the chaise as his Master sits, and allows Will to rest his cheek on his thigh.

Will sighs happily, lips tingling as he smiles. He knows in mere hours his throat will be too swollen, too tender, for him to speak. He'll be useless tomorrow.

His smile widens.

His Master runs gentle fingers through his hair, their breathing calming and syncing entirely by accident. "You took that so well for me," he whispers, brushing Will's jaw with utmost

tenderness, then down his neck, then back up into his hair. "My good boy."

Will moans quietly, rubbing his cheek on Doctor Lecter's thigh.

"Would you like a reward?" Will hesitates, makes a small, questioning sound. Wasn't that his reward? "You may name it, provided it doesn't violate one of our other rules."

No orgasms, not tonight, not for Will. He doesn't even feel disappointed.

He tries to speak, coughs, clears his throat, tries again; "Will you kiss me, Sir?"

His Master laughs lowly, and tilts Will's chin up with his fingers. He doesn't reply, merely leans down and presses their lips together. His lips are soft, so soft against Will's tender, swollen, abused skin. Another sob breaks its way out from behind Will's teeth, but his Master swallows it, parting Will's lips with his tongue as Will is thoroughly kissed.

Will is dimly aware that his cock aches from how hard he is, that his neck and jaw hurts, that his knees are beginning to go numb and that when this high fades he's going to hurt all over, but *God*, this kiss. This could nourish him forever.

His Master draws back, a fond look in his eyes as he touches Will's jaw, then pulls out his pocket kerchief and wipes Will's face free of tears. He tucks it back into his breast pocket, and Will is hit with a sudden vision of him, later, a hand around himself while he holds the kerchief over his nose and mouth and breathes in the scent of Will's tears.

Will desperately hopes that vision comes to pass. He hopes his Master tells him about it, after.

Doctor Lecter carefully helps him up, so they're both on the chaise again. He leans back and takes Will with him, allowing Will to plaster himself over his Master's chest and rest against his heartbeat. One thigh goes between Will's, giving him something to rut against if he so dares. He doesn't. He will be still and good, because that is what he's made for.

Still, he clutches his Master's thigh and bites his lower lip, so that he remembers when his cock twitches in his jeans and the pang of arousal echoes through his entire body so powerfully it hurts.

Fingers return to his hair, petting him as he closes his eyes. Will relaxes with a contented sigh, happy to sink into the familiar, and the promises hanging in the air between them. He does not think about tomorrow, or an hour, or a minute from this moment.

"Thank you, Sir," Will whispers, nuzzling Doctor Lecter's chest before he settles down to rest properly. This moment will not last forever, and he is determined to enjoy it while it does. Until the next one. Bleeding out in a pit trap has never felt so perfect.

A soft kiss is pressed to his hair. "Rest, my dear Will," his Master says affectionately. Will smiles, and, as he always does when his Master gives him a command, he readily obeys.

Chapter End Notes

I have one final chapter planned of this, including Will finding out some ~secrets~ and their first time! Woo :D

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!